

## A Slight Accident

Often Causes Severe Kidney Trouble—A Muskogean Lady's Experience.

How often a sudden accident, a slip or fall, gives the back a twist and deranges the delicate fibers of the kidneys, which have their duties to perform and must be in a condition to perform them. They carry off the poisonous acids from the blood, and if they get out of order and refuse to do this, the whole system is affected by the poisonous uric acid carried to all parts in the blood. So it is that slight accidents, a strain, a fall, or a little twist in the back amounting to very little of itself often results disastrously if neglected. Don's Kidney Pills are designed to restore the kidneys to healthy action. That they do this is easily proven by the statements of the public. A well-known lady of Muskogean is Mrs. Emily J. Andrus, whose comfortable home is at 16 E. Diana Street. She spoke of her experience as follows:

"Some time ago I had a terrible fall and it affected me in the back and kidneys. Oh, how it hurt me in through the back! I got so lame and sore I could hardly stir. I suffered everything and thought I would surely die; the pain was so great I could not walk. At my age it was very hard to suffer so much. I saw Don's Kidney Pills advertised. I wanted to try them, as my kidney organism was affected by the fall. A box was procured for me at Brundage's drug store, and before I had finished taking them all I felt easier in my back. I kept on taking them, using in all four boxes, and the result is that I am now feeling all right. The pain in my back used to be so intense I could not sleep, and often had to use hot applications to get ease. Now I can rest and sleep well. Don's Kidney Pills have been a grand thing for me. When an article possesses such merit as they do, it should be recognized, and I am glad to place myself on record as one who has tried them and found them to be as represented."

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## WASHINGTON LETTER.

Matters Which Will Interest the People of Michigan.

### GOOD NEWS FOR TRAVERSE CITY.

Free Delivery Soon To Be Established There—Promotion in the Department of Justice for W. D. Depew of Detroit—Michigan Senators Kept Busy Doing a Rumor—Garrisoning of Mackinac Island—Marriage of McMillan's Son.

Washington, July 13.—Traverse City will have a free delivery mail system in the near future. Senator Burrows has received a letter from the first assistant postmaster general stating that as soon as possible he will send an inspector there in regard to this matter, and that the free delivery system will then be established.

J. R. Van Evera of Marquette has withdrawn his application for the position of collector of customs for the port of Marquette.

W. D. Depew of Detroit has been promoted from an \$1,800 clerkship in the department of justice to a position of \$2,500 in the same department. While of course young Depew secured the endorsement of the Michigan delegation, it is generally conceded that the promotion was the result of his own personal ability and energy.

A. L. Duell of Harbor Springs, who has been here for two or three weeks, returned to Michigan a few days ago feeling quite confident that he will secure the appointment of postmaster at Harbor Springs.

### Badly Informed Gossip.

The Michigan senators were busy last week denying a rumor that appears to have been circulated throughout Michigan, that a large number of federal offices would be made vacant on the 1st of July, and that appointments to fill the vacancies would be made forthwith. Some badly informed gossip started the report that all federal terms would expire at the end of the fiscal year, and candidates by the score for all sorts of places sent in their applications by mail and telegraph, with all haste to be in at the distribution of the plunder. A reply to these correspondents has been prepared, stating that the present incumbents of federal offices will be permitted to serve out their four-year terms, unless there should arise some extraordinary reason to the contrary.

Congressman Samuel W. Smith made a visit to the postoffice department a few days ago to try to secure further postoffice facilities for the Flint postoffice. After the matter had been investigated the department decided to send an inspector to that city to look over the ground and endeavor to secure additional room for the free delivery division; the letter carriers of that place now being much crowded.

### Visitors from Michigan.

Among the Michigan visitors of the week was Mrs. Bragg of White Lake, who is here trying to secure a pension for her husband, a Union veteran, who is in an insane asylum as the result of his wounds received during the war. Congressman Smith is very much interested in the case, and the pension is likely to be granted in a few days.

Hon. Peter White of Marquette has made a suggestion to the secretary of war which is likely to be carried out in regard to the garrisoning of Mackinac Island. The chief objection of the department and of the senators, who would otherwise favor the plan, is the expense involved to the government. For three months of the year life on the island would be very pleasant, but for the other nine months it would be very undesirable from the standpoint of the average army officer. Mr. White proposes that the fort shall be re-established, but that it shall be garrisoned only during the summer months and that it shall be detailed from Fort Wayne for the purpose. The plan of Mr. White would involve but very little expense to the government because the Michigan Central railroad has volunteered to transport the troops and supplies if the fort is re-established. The cost of living would be the same at either Mackinac Island or Fort Wayne. It is expected that Secretary Alger will decide this matter in a few days.

### Protest from Louise D. Perry.

Louis D. Perry of Flint has written a strong letter to Congressman Samuel W. Smith, in which he urges the representative to do all in his power to prevent an increased tax on Havana tobacco. Congressman Smith is doing all that this letter asks and more in the matter.

"Ex-Congressman Sam Stephenson will not be a candidate for the United States senate in 1899 against Senator Burrows," says a prominent Michigan representative. "You can make as strong a denial as you wish of this report. I have had a conversation with a gentleman who has been very close to Mr. Stephenson, who assures me that Mr. Stephenson would not under any circumstances enter into a contest against Senator Burrows. In fact, Mr. Stephenson is a warm personal friend of Senator Burrows and intends to do all in his power to secure his election."

S. H. Lasley, register of deeds of Muskegon county, was in the city last week on official business at the land office.

Mr. William A. Leet of Reed City is here looking after his chances for a good federal position. It is said that he would take a consular position, but that he would prefer a plum nearer home.

### Has Become a "Honey" Man.

L. G. Shaw, for many years a reporter on Grand Rapids and Detroit papers, is now located in Philadelphia as a sporting correspondent of several leading eastern papers. Shaw has become a very "honey" man, and is regarded as an authority on all racing events.

Francis Wetmore McMillan, son of the senior senator from Michigan, finished his career at Yale college in a blaze of romantic glory. He was recently graduated and immediately after receiving his diploma made public announcement of the fact that he was married Nov. 11, 1896, at Bridgeport, Conn., to Miss Florence G. Lewis of that city. The wedding had been kept secret for seven months, and not even the most intimate friends of the contracting parties knew anything about it. During the entire period young McMillan was regarded as "one of the boys," and kept up his bachelor quarters and associations. His wife was known as "Miss Lewis," but it was generally believed that they were engaged to be married, because they were together so constantly. Senator McMillan says that he knew of the wedding when it occurred and approved of it. Moreover, it is announced that the senator and his wife gave the young bride some handsome and costly presents.

Was on Wheels.  
"For some years," said Senator Pettigrew, "the territorial capital was on wheels. That is to say, every ambitious town or city wanted to be made the capital of Dakota territory, and the legislature always had bills under consideration providing for the removal of the capital to some point or other; but it was finally located at Bismarck, which was for a long time the terminus of the Northern Pacific railway. At that time the population of Bismarck was composed of seven saloons and gambling houses and thirteen other buildings. When I arrived a variety show—admission 15 cents—was being given in the middle of the principal street in a big tent. A paragon—one of the enthusiastic missionaries which such an exigency in civilization's advance brings into being—was mounted on a box outside the tent declaiming the advantages of salvation for the benefit of a gathering of gamblers and other rough characters of all degrees. This distraction annoyed the manager of the variety show and presently he came out and, mounting upon another box, shouted:

"Gents, salvation is free all the year round; this show is free for precisely thirty minutes."

"And every man in the preacher's audience, without a moment's hesitation, deserted the parson and walked in to see the show."

### Great Respect for the Cloth.

"Nevertheless," added Senator Pettigrew, "my observation has been that the gamblers and roughs of a mining camp have a very great respect for the cloth. In any wild western town they are the ones who contribute most to the support of religion. In this they are influenced in two ways. Primarily they are born more or less of the shadow of Christianity; the influence of which is never altogether lost; and, secondly, they have an instinctive belief in the propriety of giving what they call a fair deal to any man who is trying to do his level best. In a town like Bismarck in its early days it is a usual thing for a clergyman to ask the privilege of speaking in a gambling house. And as a rule, not only is the privilege granted, but the game is suspended until the preacher has been heard, and not infrequently a collection is taken up for his benefit at the end of the performance."

### The Great Objector.

Hon. William S. Holman, the "great objector," who recently died in Washington, was but little understood or appreciated by the people of the country. When he was defeated in 1894 the old man took the reverse philosophically, and devoted a great part of his time to political work, and in 1896 the old man was again elected to the house of representatives. Judge Holman was a kind-hearted gentleman, and he was always a good news giver to the reporters who cultivated his acquaintance. To the men in the gallery, however, who view statesmen from afar, he always seemed to be a very peculiar character. His features reminded one of a creaking pump handle. His most famous objections, however, were made leaning forward from his desk, with a pair of iron spectacles in his hands, which he swung to and fro as he laid down the law and the facts. He seldom made a point without being able to sustain it. He understood all about expenses of the government; knew to a fraction just how much each employe gets a day, and could almost tell you the cost of every brick and stone in the various public buildings. He believed in stopping every leak in the government treasury.

### With Father on His Face.

There is a tradition in Washington that Holman was once sitting in a barbers' chair in the house, with his coat and vest off, when a matter of expenditure he was interested in came up. It was about to pass when he discovered the situation. He gave the colored barber a shove, jumped from the chair, and rushed out on the floor and there, with half of his mustache on and half off, with lather on his face and with a barber's apron hanging from his neck, he frantically waved his arms and yelled: "Mr. Speaker, I object." The scene brought down the house. Holman stated his point and carried it. "Do you know that a member of congress is obliged to do a great deal of unnecessary work?" inquired Amos J. Cummings of New York. "Now, for example, I've spent this entire day looking through the war department and the navy department trying to find the name of a contractor who is doing a lot of extra work in New York harbor. One of my constituents who was a precinct captain in the last campaign, wrote me that he heard that a lot of mason work was being done and he wanted me to get him a job."

"Of course, if the work was being done it would be under one of those executive departments, and I have put in an entire day, neglecting everything else, to locate this contractor. But it is all a myth. My constituent has been misled. No such work is being done. It often happens that way. However, I always go after anything my people write about, and generally they are right. They elect members of congress to do just such chores for them, and it is my duty to attend to all such matters for my people."

### Diversity of Authority.

It is amusing to see the diversity of authority at the Capitol between the sergeant-at-arms and the architect. There is a nice little discipline which makes every subordinate a student of Capitol law and order. The architect has control over all fixed articles, and the sergeant-at-arms has jurisdiction over all articles which are movable. The employes of the sergeant-at-arms can screw things to the walls of the building, for they can be unscrewed and are movable. But whatever needs to be nailed to the floor must be handled by the employes of the architect. The sergeant-at-arms is required to keep the mirrors and cuspidors cleared, but the architect must look after the condition of the marble mantels or stands upon which the mirrors rest, and the floors which are adorned by the cuspidors. The employes sometimes get puzzled over the rules, and it's very funny.

### WHAT HE LOVED.

I had a love. Dark haired was she. Her eyes were gray.

For sake of her across the sea I sailed away.

Death, sickness, tempest and defeat All passed me by.

With years came fortune fair and fleet, And rich was I.

Again for me the sun looked down Familiar skies.

I found my love; her locks had grown Gray as her eyes.

"Alas," she sighed, "forget me, now No longer fair!"

"I loved thy heart," I whispered low, "And not thy hair."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

### A BURGLAR'S YARN.

"Aye, the Bermoodas is a verra nice place," said Archie.

Then he peered out of the window into the chill London mists and moodily watched the rain pattering against the panes.

"A verra nice place! This weather makes one think on 'em," he exclaimed in a minute or two, without turning round.

I fancy I heard him sigh.

There is a grim practicality about Archie though. Down I dropped from the clouds in one swift second.

"Yaller Jack verra busy when I paid my first visit," he said shortly and plumped himself down into his chair before the fire.

"Oh!"

"Aye; took off many on us."

"And you?"

"Me, Oh, he were a verra guid friend to me, were Yaller Jack, aye, I've nowt but kind words for him."

Never before had I heard the praises of yeller fever sung. But Archie is original if he is anything at all.

"It were in this way:

"As usual, I were nearly always in hot water with my obstinate temper and my willful ways."

"The cat and me was well acquainted, likewise the dark cell, likewise cheques and rings, likewise bread and water."

"Things was gettin to a verra bad pass when Jack come to my rescue."

"But it were verra hard for a man to keep out o' difficulties."

"I'll tell you about Nat the stockman, fro' Leicester, who were doin seven year for settin fire to his house. Him and me was diggin the foundations of a cookhouse. Nat were down i' the hole and I were atop wheelin the muck away. One day it were pipin hot, and Nat were takin a speel-o. Comes up a warden—an old slave driver he were—and looks down at Nat. 'Now, then, get on with your work,' he sings out. Nat looks up and never moves. 'Now, then, stir, or I'll come down and make ye,' cries the warden."

"But old Nat only laughs. Then in goes Mr. Warden, and Nat knocks him down—silly—for meddlin wi' his lang handed shovel."

"And would ye believe me? I don't say nothin about Nat—he was a bit short i' his temper—but they gives me 28 days bread and water for not interferin!"

"And you stood by, Sloss, and see him do it," says the governor.

"Do ye think I'm a fool? I cries, 'to meddle in other folks' affairs? Not me. I'll tell you what it is, sir. I've more business o' my own nor I can manage. They was man for man—and let 'em fight it out.'"

"But it were no good argufyin."

"I only mentions it to show you what sort of a place Bermoodas was i' my time."

"Afore I'd done my 28 days comes Yaller Jack. Ye should ha' seen their faces! Takes warden and all! Spares none! There was a fair panic. A man were full o' life in the mornin and food for the sharks by night time."

"But I didn't care for it. I cared for nowt—these days. I don't know as I do now—except for what's afore me."

Imagine a somber pause, full of significance.

"Well, Jack gets worse an worse."

"There was none left to tend the sick."

"The commander of the hospital ship comes ashore an calls for volunteers."

"'Hollo, Archie! says I to myself. 'Here's a chance for a change. Lots o' grub and smook all day long. Ye may as well die here as anywhere else. Here goes.' So I holds up my hand and cries, 'I'm one.'"

"He looks at me and begins to laff. 'You're fat and lusty, Sloss,' says he. 'You'll be the first to go.' For Jack were particular fond o' the lusty ones. It were common talk how he like 'em."

"But I didn't care—not me."

"'Ye might be dead afore me, sir,' says I. He were a hard nut, was Commander Jackson. I'd had four dozen from him once."

"'Well, Sloss,' says he, 'I'll take ye. The devil will soon get his own.' So off I goes down to the boat—me, three others and him—and were soon aboard the hospital ship."

"Sure enough, my words come true. That verra night Jack knocks at the cabin door of Commander Jackson."

"It were fair awful, that ship. I begins to think I'd best 'ave been satisfied wi' bread an water ashore. But I booked, and there was no gettin out o' the job. First he took ye in the legs, then he mounted upward, then he spread all over ye, till ye was all aches and pains. Then come the black vomit."

Even now Archie shuddered at the thought of the awful scenes he took part in—men raving, men cursing, men mad, men tied down to their bunks, all yellow. Above, the sun burning and blistering; below, the odors of the sick, disinfectants, the croaking death rattle at their throats.

Such is yellow jack, according to Archie.

"He took Commander Jackson verra bad," he went on. "He were a hard nut and had the name for it—it were a word and a blow wi' him. Many's the time I shook my fist i' his old face all yaller—oh, he couldn't see me—think in o' the four dozen I'd had of him. It were verra temptin to take my revenge. I could ha' killed him easy."

### Just like snuffin a candle. How? Leave his blankets off him. Let him lie naked and sweat. Then 'quick march.' But I didn't. Why? I don't know. It made me grin to think he were at my mercy, and I cared nowt for no man. 'Your turn next,' Archie, says I to myself, and I smooks away. The second night about four bells—light down—hot as hell—he wakes up and sees me smookin by his side and pourin vinegar on to his head, which were lapped round wi' bandages to keep it cool.

"'Sloss,' says he, 'is that you, Sloss?'"

"'Aye, sir, it's me, right enough.'"

"'Sloss, your words has come true.'"

"'What was that, sir?' says I, goin on wi' the lotion."

"'Why, didn't ye say as I might be dead afore you?'"

"'What! D'ye mean to say as ye paid any heed to the likes o' me?' says I, grinin."

"'Yes, I did, Archie.'"

"'More full ye then. It's fear as kills the half of ye. Now, don't get throwin them blankets off. D'ye hear? I'm commander i' this ship. I laffed out loud to see his face when he heard me speakin so sharp, like a governor.'"

"'The tables is turned, sir.'"

"'Then he begins to curse awful. He was a verra hot tempered gentleman.'"

"'Ye're my prisoner,' I cries, jumps on him, fair smothers him wi' blankets, chucklin all the while to think I were his master."

"'I tell ye we was a rough lot o' men. I've never seen many rougher.'"

"I could not refrain from smiling as I thought of Archie turned nurse. He is so grim."

"Well, the old commander gets the better o' Yaller Jack, though he'd a hard wrestle wi' him."

"'Ye've had a narry squeak for it,' says I when he gets on his legs again. He had to rest on me."

"'Well, Sloss, I owes my life to ye,' says he."

"'To me!'"

"'Yes, Sloss. I'll never punish ye no more.'"

"'Oh, I've heard that tale afore.'"

Then Archie gave a Rabelaisian chuckle at the memory, and I ventured to quote a famous couplet:

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

"'Aye, that's it,' said Archie grimly. Then he went on with his story. 'So I never give it another thought—indeed I'd no time. I were ta'en myself that afternoon. Yes, Jack taps me on the shoulder, and it were my turn. I baffles him, tho'—and when I comes round I finds myself ashore—the last patient. My, they soon has me to work agin wi' Nat—him diggin, me wheelin the muck away, and I never got so much as a look from the old commander who'd bin so grateful to me. Not a wink, not a word.'"

"'I know'd verra well how it 'ud be. 'So four months passes along, and I'd forgot all about Yaller Jack, till one Sunday mornin I were dozin in chapel, when I hears my name mentioned:'"

"'Archibald Sloss.'"

"'I starts up wit' a jump. I could hardly believe my ears. The chap in the big box, lookin down at me, says:

"'The remainder of your sentence is remitted for your bravery in nursing Commander Jackson and those who were sick with the yellow fever.'"

"'Oh, glory, halleluiah!' I cries. I couldn't help it."

"'And afore I'd been on old England's shores a week I were copped agin.'"

Westminster Budget.

### Caught by a Turtle.

Some boys of Warren, O., were following a seine in the Ohio canal, the other day, when a large turtle fastened to the toes of one of the lads, and, but for the assistance of the men present, would have drowned the boy. To unloosen the reptile its head had to be cut off close to its jaws, and then not for some time could the teeth be loosened. The turtle weighed about 40 pounds.

Emperor William's crown is too large for him despite the fact that he has the big head.—Galveston News.

King George made the mistake of his life in not having himself protected by well service rules.—Washington Star.

The average clergyman is not a healthy man. There are many reasons that contribute to make him delicate. He leads a sedentary life. He doesn't take sufficient exercise. Just the same he is a hard-working man. He takes too much trouble about other people's troubles to trouble much about his own. He thinks too much about other sick people to look after his own health. The result is that the hard-working clergyman becomes a semi-invalid early in life.

There is no necessity for this. A clergyman adds nothing to his usefulness, but greatly detracts from it, by neglecting his health. If a man, be he clergyman or layman, will resort to the right remedy just as soon as he feels out of sorts, and knows that his digestion is out of order, he will remain healthy and robust and add much to his usefulness and many years to his life. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery restores the appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and tones the nerves. It is the greatest of all known blood-makers and flesh-builders. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air passages. Thousands who were given up by the doctors and had lost all hope have testified to their complete recovery under this marvelous medicine. It is the discovery of an eminent and skilled specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the